

Bad girl (she's loving it) by explicit_slug (big_slug)

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Summary:

Their marriage is falling apart, and Nancy never wants any of that for herself. It's her own life, after all. Being a princess obviously never works out.

Bad girl (she's loving it)

Author's Note:

Fucking hell, why am I so productive with this sick shit? Don't fucking like, don't fucking read, okay? Peace.

Sheltered. Always so sheltered.

For Nancy, it's really nothing more than an adventure. Her parents are wealthy, and they have everything that comes with wealth. A large house, nicely arranged furniture, two cars, lobster for dinner occasionally, a completely and utterly broken marriage. Everyone sees it, nobody mentions it. But that's fine. Nancy, for her part, can cope with an elephant in the room. Her parents' failing marriage isn't the only uncomfortable truth. Because she's got an outlet nobody must ever know about.

From early childhood on, it was all *'My little princess is gonna marry a nice man and live without a care in the world.'* An attitude, Nancy is sure, her mother inherited from grandma. And when you're a little princess, easy to impress and always on the lookout for a frog to kiss because who knows, he could be a prince, well, then the prospect of having a life like mommy doesn't sound half bad.

It was only when she grew up, especially after the birth of her sister Holly, that she realized it's not all smooth sailing. Maybe she had to be close to adulthood to notice the mask her mother was wearing day

and night, and the way her father never bothered with putting on a mask in the first place. Did she want that kind of frustration for herself? Or was there more in life? More than *,Theodore Wheeler Part II - Nancy's Eternal Prison'* to look forward to in life?

,Behave well, don't forget your manners, and all the good boys will love you.' Hell no, screw that. If a good boy would eventually turn into whatever inhabited the La-Z-Boy in the living room, Nancy wanted no part in this.

In hindsight, Steve Harrington, King Steve, was her first attempt. A way to break out of this, if only slowly and gradually, because she was just so damn scared. But at least, he wasn't a good boy. Far from it, actually. His grades below average, his friends literal pieces of shit, completely oblivious as to how many stars and stripes the flag had, he was the exact opposite of what Ted Wheeler had probably been like at sixteen. And that was enough for Nancy to fall for him. It was *her* life.

The change came after the events of 1983. Not only did she get closer to Jonathan Byers, who was in fact a good boy, but at the same time nothing like the type of boy her mother wanted to see her around. It was also Steve who changed. And Nancy didn't like it one bit. It just wasn't enough anymore. She needed to get out.

Lucky for her and her sanity, the opportunity to do just that came around Christmas of 1983. The opportunity to forget her manners. To not behave. To take a giant stinking dump on everything her mother

had ever taught her.

She made good money that way. Not that she actually needed it, it was just another benefit. But Nancy also wasn't a bad person, and that was the only catch about it. She did this for herself, because it felt good and fulfilling. Nancy was nothing like the other girls who always showed up with a dull expression in the evenings, and then left with an utterly dead and broken expression in the early morning hours. None of them enjoyed this, they just did what they had to do, and Nancy just had to look away, otherwise the guilt would have killed her.

„Sure, mom. I'll say hi to Mrs. Ferguson from you. Yeah, see you in the morning. Love you.“ Family out of the way without a question, as always. *„I'll be staying the night at [insert random girl's name here]“*

Now, it is time to begin. Time, to turn Nancy Wheeler, sixteen year old straight A-student, into *Cherry*, the wet dream of fat and frustrated businessmen in their fifties. She has to be careful, always on the lookout, hiding away behind thick layers of makeup. This is still Hawkins, after all, and Nancy has already given up on counting how many familiar faces she has seen at the club so far. But no one ever recognized her. Not with her heavy eyeliner, the vibrant red cheeks and purple lipstick. Not the way she has learned to move and talk, voice high pitched like that of a little girl. The more successful the man, the more likely he wants to be called *„daddy“*.

Still, with all the precautions, the thrill of getting caught is still very

much real for her, and that particular night in February, she takes a glimpse at the audience through a slit in the heavy burgundy curtain, just to make her heart stop. The sight causes a lump of fear to swell in her chest.

There he is sitting, leaned back in one of those cheap wooden chairs Ron has equipped his club with. Glasses firmly around his face, hair as neatly combed as always, stomach sticking out as though he doesn't even make an effort at looking fit. Well, he never does at home either, no surprise there. And actually, it shouldn't be a surprise to see him here anyways. If anything, Nancy should be blown away that it took almost three months of her working here before her father showed up. She's been suspecting him to do things like these for quite a while.

„Shit!“ she hisses, all but jumping to back to the others in the run down cloakroom, her small, bare breasts jiggling up and down due to the hasty movement. She is already busy arranging her hair into a tight knot at the back of her head. „Someone... someone give me a fucking wig. A blond one. Quick!“

Nancy doesn't care if Geena, Ashley or the others make fun of her for this, because honestly, in the mirror the fake hair looks pretty unfitting around her temples, but Nancy doesn't want to miss this night just because her father will be watching. If she has to be brutally honest with herself, the thought of it is even thrilling. Daddy getting off to seeing his little girl swinging her hips on stage.

The music is slow and sensual, colorful lights swirling from one corner of the room to the other, dancing spotlights on the walls that make Cherry as dizzy as the guests are supposed to be. Money. For everyone here except her, it's all about money. Rolled up or folded One-Dollar bills stuffed in their too tight panties or bras. But she just wants to enjoy. It's power, it's teasing, it's being *bad*. Mentally preparing to go out there for the first time tonight, she has to remind herself *,Cherry. Not Nancy. Ted Wheeler isn't Cherry's father. Ted Wheeler doesn't know Cherry.*

It's an exhilarating thrill, being announced by Ron's raspy voice that comes blaring over the speakers, underlined by the soft sax playing, and the colors flying, leaving bright spots in her vision. It took her a while to learn how to walk on these high heels without making a fool of herself, but it's safe to say, Cherry is an expert now. She knows exactly how to tilt her hips up and down with every slow, careful step, and how not to look at her own feet. They don't like that. They want their girls facing forward, lips full, eyes heavy-lidded. They want them to spin around the shining golden poles from top to bottom.

It's funny. Nancy Wheeler never knew these poles are actually rotating. Cherry does, however. And Cherry also knows how to use this to her advantage. The heated atmosphere, the shouting men around her prove she is damn good at this. The smallest of smiles pulls on her lips when she sees Ted Wheeler waving hands full of green paper at her. *,Cherry* she thinks again, ecstatically circling her upper body. *,Not Nancy. It's working.*

From the top of her pole, she slides down using only her legs to keep herself in place, arms stretched out far enough so that her almost non-existent bra, that really only consists of a few strings, shows off her hardened nipples. The men are going wild at the sight. A few times, she leans down, circling her firm ass in front of their faces, and every touch she feels, every little Dollar they stuff in there, is a

blissful confirmation of how much of a slut she is.

Cherry is absolutely convinced, none of the other girls here would ever leave the stage soaking wet. None of the others ever takes a man to one of the darkrooms by choice, or allow themselves to be fucked without a lubricant. Cherry does. She only draws the line when it comes to condoms, even if she is in fact on the pill. AIDS isn't the queer pest some people want to make it look like.

The show is planned throughout to heat up more and more with every second the four girls are moving rhythmically on stage. Cherry can make out three or four more in the audience, grinding against laps, riding and touching. Damn, Ron really knows how to organize a place like this.

Next to her, Audra shifts her gaze towards her, pretending to stare into Cherry's eyes. This is always the hardest part. Looking at them, before it happens, seeing them biting back their tears of humiliation, while she is actually enjoying all this. Cherry never spends more time than necessary like this, instead leaning in for the kiss quickly. It sends a ripple of applause through the turned-on audience, that intensifies into unknown heights when the two girls all but tear of each other's bras, exposing them to everyone watching.

Cherry forcefully shoves her tongue in between Audra's full lips, taking in the taste of cheap bourbon and cigarettes. She lets out a deep moan when two bruised hands graze over her overly sensitive nipples, and reciprocates in the same way with her perfectly smooth fingers. The fingers of a sheltered small town girl, as opposed to those of a worn out whore. The guilt never shut up entirely, but this is enjoyable nonetheless. Cherry is dripping wet, and some of the Dollar bills she is carrying with her by now will probably be useless later on. But why would she care? She gives most of what she makes to the

others anyways.

Making out with another girl is delicious. It's one of these forbidden things that are just made more appealing by the taboo. The taboo of doing it. The taboo of being watched by fifty or more horny old bastards. They use their hands on each other's most private areas too, and Cherry is, as always, the only one who doesn't have to fake her gut wrenching orgasm for the raging crowd.

„Exceptional show, bitches.“ Ron grunts backstage once it's over. „Now, I want you to go out there and make money. The night is young. So are... well most of you.“

Cherry doesn't need to be told twice. She needs more, and while some of the other girls take some time to let their tears smear their eyeliner, she doesn't have time for that. All she can think of is limping home sore, just to fuck herself with the handle of her hairbrush a final time before falling asleep.

The first man she takes into the darkroom that night is Donald Melvald, and though she knows how much of a pervert he is, this night is just too disappointing. She wants him to fuck her, to use her until she's begging him to stop, but the old man insists on a blowjob tonight.

„New hair, Cherry?“ he whispers in between moans, as she is sucking him off. Cherry looks up at him, eyes purposefully wide, and hums

around his rancid cock in response. „Fuck!“ he groans. „You’re such a nice little bitch for me, aren’t you?“ Cherry likes being called that. She also likes his firm hand on her neck, pushing her down so far her nose is buried in his hair, where he keeps her to see how long she can stand it. The head of Melvald’s cock is pressed against the back of her throat persistently, and there’s no way out. While gasping for air through her nose, she can’t help but gag. „That’s it. Keep it inside, whore. Nice and warm, isn’t that right?“

Cherry nods, using her tongue to work the head of his cock for a while, until he begins fucking her face again. It goes without saying, she swallows every last drop of his mighty, salty load. That’s what they like, that’s what they come back for. 35 Dollars for a blowjob. A good one.

After that first encounter and a cigarette break, the terrible need in between her thighs hasn’t subsided. If anything, it has increased. So, Cherry soon is on the lookout again for someone to truly wreck her. But just as with Donald Melvald, this night is just too disappointing.

„Cherry! Cherry!“ It’s Ron’s seemingly friendly, if a bit rough, voice, that she knows is always hiding contempt and greed. He’s not a nice man, and you better not get on his bad side. Cherry knows that. She has seen him punish a few of the girls on more than one occasion.

„Want me to do something for you, sir?“ She doesn’t look him in the eyes. It’s against the rules.

„Sure thing, you little bitch. You got a customer waiting in five. He asked specifically for you.“ He grins, and while it’s not an honest grin, Cherry is relieved. There’s only one customer to ever ask for her, and that’s Deputy Powell. And if it’s him, that means she’s going to get a cock large enough to all but tear up her insides, exactly what she needs right now. Right as she nods and turns to head for the darkroom, she feels a sharp, agonizing grip on her neck. „Don’t fuck this up, or I fuck you up. Got it?“

„Y- yes, sir.“ It’s not like Ron really expects her to fuck up. He knows how good Cherry is first hand. It’s just that he likes to remind his girls sometimes. Keep them in line, and everything.

The room is as dark as a darkroom should be. It’s a delicate balance between erotic intimacy and being able to see what you’re fucking into. Men don’t like total darkness. They want to see ass cheeks and tits bouncing. They want to see ecstatic faces. This room is fit to give the customer all of this.

„So... Cherry.“ she hears a voice that most definitely isn’t that of Calvin Powell. It’s... *oh no*. The most sickening part is, she feels herself drool at the monotonous sound of Ted Wheeler talking. Has he recognized her? If so, he doesn’t let her know. „I was pretty impressed by you tonight.“ he explains. „Figured you could show me more.“

And suddenly, Cherry is caught between a rock and a hard place. Run away? Ron would find her, and likely kill her. Play along? Well, if Ted hasn’t already recognized her, she’s going to put herself more at risk. On the other hand, she is just *so horny*.

„Can't you talk?“ he demands over her pondering.

„I- I can talk, sir.“ she stutters in her most high pitched, innocent little girl's voice. Ted Wheeler takes a few steps towards her. Cherry's body is a natural shield against unmasking stares, she knows that. Men rarely ever look at her face, when her little tits are on display nicely. She arches her back, making them stick out more, just as she has learned from the others to put a spell on him. He will never know. That's what Cherry has decided, and that's how it's gonna be. But he's going to fuck her.

„Good.“ he smirks. His hands come to a rest on her ass, thumbs tugging slightly at the waistband of her elastic, black panties. She lets out a gasp that isn't pretend at all. It's almost enough to get her off. Him tracing up and down her inner thighs then gets her even more worked up.

Goosebumps taking over, she shudders, and bites her lip. „All silky smooth for you, daddy.“ she squeaks, and isn't this ironic? Actually, it's sick. But so god damn thrilling at the same time. *He's going to fuck her.* He is going to bury his cock balls deep in her pussy in a few minutes. He's going to make her come, damn it, and she wants it more than anything.

„Come on.“ Ted grunts, undoing his belt. „Warm me up, slut.“ She's never heard him talk like this, always shouting *„Language!“* whenever someone said anything remotely offensive in the house. His whole demeanor is just so different. Cherry sinks down to her knees, knowing what is expected of her.

Never having seen his cock before, she is quite impressed with it. Well, he's not Calvin Powell, but mighty in his own right, already

rock hard and twitching. „*Not Nancy. Cherry.*“ she tells herself once again, before taking him in her mouth and *tasting* for the first time. He is disgusting as every cock she has ever tasted, which are a lot, but at least circumcised. Still, there's a hint of day old sweat, urine, and even some cum, but maybe that's just left in her mouth from Melvald, who knows. Cherry uses all her skill to get him warmed up, fingers everywhere, tongue everywhere, all while his middle-aged stomach is somewhat resting on her head. She just loves the hushed moans she can draw from him that way.

„Come up here.“ he eventually orders harshly, when Cherry can already taste massive amounts of precum on him. She does as she's told, as always. Pleasing him pleases her. Ted gives both her breasts a firm squeeze, that's right on the verge of hurting. She whimpers pathetically, much to his amusement. „I'm gonna fuck you raw, Cherry.“

„Please, daddy!“ she pleads. „Need your cock in me.“ He growls at that, like an animal.

„Fuck you from behind, how does that sound?“ God, who would have thought Ted Wheeler is such a sexual deviant? Cherry just hopes he'll have this moment in mind when he's making his cross for Reagan and Bush next fall. „Bend over!“

Strong hand clasped around her neck, he pushes her over to the round mattress with its red plush. Its color is only intensified by the dim red light. „You're gonna watch yourself in the mirror while I tear you up.“

„Yes, daddy.“ This isn't something new for her. The large mirror on the wall is there for a reason, after all, and Cherry would be lying if

she said she didn't enjoy it, staring into the dark eyes of her own pain and pleasure. Ted shoves her down to her stomach, and with his strong hand, he rips the panties off of her, tearing the delicate fabric in the process. It coaxes a pained whimper out of her.

„Hands and knees.“ he grunts.

„Daddy.“ she whines, not complying yet. „Condom first.“

„Yeah yeah.“ he shrugs. „Fucking hell.“ He finds his discarded pants on the floor, and Cherry watches in the mirror as he produces a condom from his pocket and slides it over himself. „Better?“

„So good, daddy.“ Cherry breathes. „Fuck me please. Wanna feel you inside. Inside your little girl.“ Before he does that, though, she can feel his hand in between her legs.

„Fuck, you're dripping. So horny for me?“

„So horny.“ she confirms, bringing her own hand there too, to relieve some of the pressure. She still hasn't gotten used to being clean shaven, soft and hairless like a pre-schooler, but it's what the customers like.

It's with a sharp sting that his palm lands on her backside, making her yelp. „No touching!“ he growls. „You're not gonna come before daddy, understood?“

„Yes, daddy.“ she sobs. But Cherry needs it! At least, now Ted begins fucking into her, and *holy shit it's him!* She can be Cherry all day long, it's still unbelievable, dirty even, to know whose dick she's actually taking in between her wet, needy folds, overly sensitive to the slightest touch. He is stretching her so good.

„Such a big cock for your little girl.“ she whispers, keeping her gaze fixated at her own watering eyes in the mirror. „Gonna make you come.“

„I know you will, bitch.“ Ted snarls. „Damn, you're hot. Want me to go deeper?“

„Please!“ And he does go deeper, using his full force to pound inside of her greedy channel. Whatever he hits inside of her, it makes her arms flail with lust, cheeks wet from tears of pleasure.

„You're not coming. Don't even think about it.“ he orders. With mild horror, Cherry watches her wig move a bit further down her forehead with every one of Ted's thrusts. It's hard to tell if he's looking, or if he will notice when she tries to adjust it, but she has to try. God knows what he's going to do if he recognizes her.

But right as she scoots her hand in the fake blond hair, he stops his every movement, pressing his front against her back, still throbbing deep inside of her. Ted leans down to bite her earlobe. Then, with a sudden movement that hits her completely by surprise, he yanks the wig off of her. „Fucking hell.“ he mutters. „Raised a god damn whore, didn't I?“

To some people it would be funny to see the way her face drops in the mirror, but to Cherry, this is everything but. „*Not Cherry. Nancy.*‘ And Nancy is dead. But dad doesn’t pull out of her.

„The fuck do you think you’re doing here, Nancy?“ he hisses.

And then there’s rage. Making this about *her*, yeah, that’s like him. Even though it’s been *him* who has asked for her. *Him* who has fucked her, obviously knowing full well she’s his daughter. *Him* who lets his raging boner rest inside of her dripping wet core.

„Me?“ she screeches. „At least I’m not the one cheating on my wife with my own daughter! You fucking enjoyed this!“ Had she previously propped herself up on her hands and knees, dad is now making this impossible by yanking both her arms on her back, pinning them there with one hand. Now, Nancy can’t do anything but press her face down into the soft padding of the mattress. And somehow, she knows what’s coming.

So, she isn’t completely unprepared for him pulling out, before hitting her backside with his belt at full force. That doesn’t mean she can keep herself from crying out, though. „No daughter of mine...“ he brings the leather down two more times „...will ever whore herself out...“ two more slaps hit her, and she’s sure he’s tearing up her skin „...to AIDS infested...“ he hits her over and over „...slobs.“

It’s humiliating, terrifying beyond anything she’s ever felt, but also so *god damn arousing*. And this doesn’t go unnoticed. Through her loud sobs, she can still hear him talking.

„Still dripping wet?“ dad sighs. „Gotta teach you a lesson then, right?“ And without warning, he lines himself up again, to thrust in deep, growing faster and faster and faster. But there's no satisfaction. He finishes, she doesn't. „That's it. Tell your mother I'll be home tomorrow to pick up my stuff.“

„That's it.“ Nancy grunts lowly. „That's it? That's *fucking* it?“ Screaming with frustration she jumps to her feet, ignoring the unbearable pain in her sore ass cheeks. Dad is so much taller than her, but she stands up to him nonetheless. „You're leaving? Shit, and you can't even-“

„What?“ he shouts. „Get you off? Jesus Christ, stay with your slut of a mother, you're in good company there!“ The blow of his flat hand hits her face unprepared, the belt that collides with her pussy sets her insides on fire, and Nancy spins around at the sheer force of it, head spinning, sick to the bone.

It takes her a while to come to. She finds the darkroom empty, dad and his scattered clothes gone. And that's like him. Only, Nancy doesn't know what to make of the 100-Dollar bill she finds on the mattress next to her face.

Usually, she stays out until maybe 9 in the morning for her ‚work‘ nights, to give her family the impression of a girls night. Not this time. She couldn't pleasure another man if she wanted to tonight.

Nancy can neither sit down anymore, nor can she take anything up her sore cunt. So she retorts to preparing a lie how she got sick and decided to come home, so her friends won't catch whatever is wrong with her.

The house is lying in silence, though. What a surprise, Nancy finds mom passed out drunk on the couch, draped in a silk bathrobe with some *really* nasty stains on it. The hall upstairs is still lit. She risks a gaze into Holly's room, finding the little girl asleep, content in a toddler dream. Next is Mike's room, which makes a somewhat different impression. Lying on top of his blanket, his back is turned towards the door, and *thank God for it*, because he's butt naked. Why would he even do such a thing? If it's not Nancy, it's their mom who's gonna find him like this. It's awfully hot and *fucking smelly* in his room, but she figures it's her duty as a caring sister to at least drape the blanket around his lower half. Her brother whines a little in his sleep. A huff of disgust escapes her, when she quietly presses his door shut, and heads for her own room.

Nancy locks the door, a rights which she had to fight tooth and claw for against her hypocrite of a father. It's necessary. Nancy has to sleep naked. She whimpers at the sensation of fabric leaving her bruised skin. Everything is terrible. She can't lie on her back for obvious reasons, and even while her needy, engorged clitoris is throbbing with unrequited need for attention, she can't use her hairbrush. The belt has bruised her there too much. But she has to do *something*.

As Nancy runs her nimble fingers up and down her sore outer labia, all she can think is *,That's what you get for being a bad girl'*

And she still wouldn't have it any other way.

Author's Note:

Hope I'm still getting y'all off, bitches!